

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,

OF INDIANA.

LOCAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT,

M. R. GUNLEY,

FOR CLERK OF THE DISTRICT,

H. C. WARDEN,

FOR CLERK OF THE COURT,

J. S. HATLEY,

FOR SHERIFF,

S. M. BAUGHMAN.

WARFIELD, after taking six weeks

to write his letter of acceptance, has

at last given that valuable document

to the public, and like the mountain

that labored and brought forth a

universe, this effort of his is peculiar.

Of course he is profoundly grateful

for the high honor imposed, but from

present appearances the honor will

consist mainly in running a race and

getting beaten worse than even his

predecessor Hayes, for whom he pur-

sued himself by assisting to count in.

Without going into details we adopt

the following fair and concise opinion

of it as given by the Cincinnati En-

quirer: The letter of acceptance of

General Garfield repudiates an un-

named portion of the Chicago plat-

form on which he was nominated; plainly

seeks to make the issue of the

Campaign one of centralization

against civil liberty; waves the bloody

shirt behind a transparent screen; de-

mands that the Executive Department

of the Government shall elect

the Congress of the people; paves the

way for the emigration of negroes to

the States where their votes are need-

ed; talks of schools that are beyond

the jurisdiction of the Federal Gov-

ernment; bids for the votes of soldiers

whose Arrears of Pensions Bill found

an enemy in him; divides his pleasant

words upon the question of a protec-

tive tariff between the Cobden Club,

of which Garfield is a member, and

his hope of carrying Pennsylvania;

compliments the founder of the Demo-

cratic party as it speaks of our

splendid domain; denounces General

Garfield as a hypocrite in mentioning

the Chinese question; and actually has

the audacity to allude to Civil Service

Reform while Arthur is at the tail of

the Presidential ticket. This is the

substance, this is the essence, of the

letter of acceptance.

In his letter of acceptance, Gar-

field says his views are well known to

the country from his record in Con-

gress. He is right they are, and it is

a very patent fact that they are said

at variance with those he now express-

es. For instance, his record in Con-

gress shows that he has on all oc-

casions spoken and voted for Chinese

immigration. Now, because the Re-

publican platform recommends that

Congress make some modification in

the treaty with the Chinese Govern-

ment, he says: "It is too much like

an importation to be welcomed without

restriction, too much like an invasion

to be looked upon without solicitude.

We cannot consent to allow any form

of servile labor to be introduced

among us under the guise of immi-

gration." Oh! consistency, thou art

a jewel, not at all in the possession of

Mr. Garfield.

This readiness under Gen. Ma-

honey, met at Richmond, Va., a few

days ago and declared for Hancock

and English, but appointed electors

of their own. The Regular Demo-

cracy has already an electoral ticket

in the field, and unless there can be a

compromise effected Virginia is like-

ly to be lost to the party. The Re-

publicans have given up the contest

in the other Southern States, and will

do all in their power to keep the two

divisions apart there. Gen. Mahone,

the leader of the Readjusters, pretends to

be a Democrat, but he is worse than a

traitor if he persists in his present

course.

WHAT a fearful tale of plunder and

corruption in high places will the

election of Hancock and English

disclose! The Republican party know

this, and they will fight with the de-

spiration of despair. It is a matter

of life or an ignominious death with

them, and it behooves the Democracy

not to take too much for granted, but

organize to fight the devil with fire.

Our splendid ticket can win, but not

without effort; therefore let every

Democrat stand at his post prepared

to meet the enemy from every con-

ceivable point of advance.

ALTHOUGH about the best speaker

that they can command, and not-

withstanding he is the Elector for

this District, the Republicans never

put the name of George W. Henry

in their printed list of speakers. Why

is this? Are they ashamed of

"the d—n nigger that George Henry

put up to spite the Grant men of the

District?" "Down with such pro-

scription!"

Scorned by the failure of his life,

and jealous of the high attainments

of Mr. Waterson, the editor of the

Louisville Post does nothing but bray

at the Courier-Journal. But that

paper does not deign to notice him, a

far greater rebuke to such a man,

than if he handled words with him.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, July 10, 1880.

Gen. Hancock's Only Child.

"All that ends well."

Into our boarding house, in Louisville there came one day, about seven or eight years ago, a young married couple—the husband blonde, merry and frank; the wife, slender, sweet, and sensible; devoted to each other, yet with none of the sickening sentimentality of some very young partners. The boy-lordland kept every body, from the waiter to the care-laden landlady, in a state of laughter, that varied from a smile to an out-and-out roar, all the time he was in the house. He remained there nearly a year. No more sighing, soggy, irritable food or feeders. The breakfast table called in exercise a new set of facial muscles, from the time he hung up his smoking jacket and put his guitar in the corner of his room. Always the funniest things, said in the most deprecating way; the brightest retorts dashed out without a change of countenance; none of that bitter, sarcastic wit that scorches while it glitters, but a genial, jovial wit that brightens and lights up life, gurgles with laughter, and sometimes even overflows with tears. This favorite of our house was Russell Hancock, only son of General Hancock, and a kinder heart never beat in any bosom.

He had not the commanding stature of his father, nor the beauty of his lovely mother. He may have since developed into a handsome man, but then he was a heartless, round-faced boy, with big light blue eyes, a shaved blonde head, and a slow, preacher sort of a smile, that parted his lips if he said anything in his endless punning, anything personal or semi-severe. The smile was a sort of apology—"that don't mean anything, you know," sort of look—that would have taken the sting from deeper cuts than his kindly jests ever gave. I never knew a wit, with less stillness, or clownishness. Fun making continually often becomes disgustingly simple. But in Russell Hancock the trait was as natural, so bright, so unforced that it never became tiresome, and was always fresh.

He was a mere boy, and had married a mere girl. It was a runaway match, a clandestine marriage, a secret wedding, which for months none of their friends suspected. They had gone from a party in Louisville across the river to Jeffersonville, roused up a preacher, were married in the silence of midnight, and had stolen back to their dwellings. The lady remained in her father's house, received young company, was seen in society with young gentlemen escorts, met her husband as a mere friend in the presence of others. Mr. Hancock, at that time, was employed in the house of Newcomb, Buchanan & Co., of which Victor Newcomb, the great railroad magnet, was head. The young lady's father was a rebel, who refused the addresses of "the son of a Yankee soldier." He forbade the young man the house, and made preparations to take his daughter to Europe; in fear of this separation, the young man begged his lady love, at the party that night, to prove her faithfulness to him, by consenting to a marriage before she went abroad. While she was gone he was to try and make a home for her, and if worse came to worse, no one could take her from him, he would know she was his, and inspired by that thought, would do great things. The lady announced her willingness to marry him at any time. To half an hour they were on their way across the river, accompanied by a friend or two, and the ceremony was performed.

The news leaked out, of course, before the departure of the family to Europe, and created a stir in the social world of Louisville. The news was as much a surprise to General and Mrs. Hancock, as to the wife's father and mother. Mrs. Hancock had been visiting her boy, and had left only the day before he was married. He had told her nothing of his intentions, and the shock struck at a tender place in her mother's heart, but she welcomed her pretty daughter kindly, and they are fast, true friends. The marriage was entirely unopposed, not thought of until that fateful conversation.

It was six months or a year after the mysterious wedding, that the pair came to board with us. The father, up to that time, had not forgiven the daughter. Her mother came to see her, and her little sisters were over every day and thought the world and all of brother Russell.

Mrs. Hancock had been one of the prettiest, brightest young belles of Louisville—that old town famous for pretty maidens, and celebrated especially for its lovely trio: Sally Ward, Alice Brannin and Jennie Moore. She had been raised in a fashionable manner, but she settled down with earnestness into a thoughtful, teachable little housewife, and I don't believe Russell Hancock could ever have picked out a better or a happier bride than the little girl who ran away into Hoosier land, across the falls, in the darkness with him, to prove her devotion to the son of the Yankee General.

Our boarding house broke up. We drifted apart. Two years after I spent a summer afternoon with my young friends at Mrs. General Hancock's, near the old barracks, a few miles out of St. Louis. The house was an imposing old-fashioned mansion, set in a park, upon which a pretty lodge-faced and a monster gate opened. There was a wide hall, inlaid floor, a big ring in the center of it, a sofa and a table on the rug, the back door stood open, it led out into the summery greenness, and the fresh tangle of woodland scents, and lily spikes and roses. In the parlor was a fine chair, standing under a portrait of Mrs. Hancock in bridal dress. There was a life size portrait of the General, grand and commanding, in full uniform; there were swarthy and embroidered chairs, screens, and an ornamental piano cover, the work of Mrs. General Hancock's fingers when she was a girl, and a picture, I think, of their dead daughter, Ada, and of a chubby, rosy baby, Russell, now grown—all treasures of the old grandmother's mementos of the old time, that mothers never forget, no matter how infirm they grow or how aged the children get. There was no one in the house but the young people, the grandmother and the servants. The grandmother, confined to her room, sent her kindly greetings by her grandson, "Grandmother raised me nearly. I wish you could meet her. I was with her a good deal when I was a little fellow and father and mother were adoring."

Presently grandmother sent in a tray with fruit, cake and wine, and we three chatted and recalled past days, as merry, but no noisier than we had been in our close quarters in the boarding house. I think from the simple, cordial hospitality of Mrs. Russell's home, that I know where the grandson gets the courtesy and unaffected simplicity of his manner. I never heard him brag, boast, or prop himself on his position or family. A wood sawyer's son he might be for all the style he assumes. Many a son of such a brave old warrior would talk of exploits, and be so big that civilization could hardly furnish him room. But this son, proud of his father, seldom mentions him, save to near friends, and as a sample of his breeding, speaks as politely to old manny as to an heiress; and helped, to my knowledge, a ragged, tottering old man along the streets under his umbrella with as much consideration as if he had been a Duke.

Once afterwards I saw the Hancock. The husband met me on the street unexpectedly, and took me, whether or no, to see his wife and a wee mite of a baby that had just come. It was a little bundle and wouldn't wake. It was tossed up for me to admire; kissed, hugged and held up by the heels, or dress skirts, but not a bit did it care for company. Then they pulled its eyelids open, so I could see its lovely eyes; a comic stare met me for a second, then the great railroad magnet, was head. The young lady's father was a rebel, who refused the addresses of "the son of a Yankee soldier." He forbade the young man the house, and made preparations to take his daughter to Europe; in fear of this separation, the young man begged his lady love, at the party that night, to prove her faithfulness to him, by consenting to a marriage before she went abroad. While she was gone he was to try and make a home for her, and if worse came to worse, no one could take her from him, he would know she was his, and inspired by that thought, would do great things. The lady announced her willingness to marry him at any time. To half an hour they were on their way across the river, accompanied by a friend or two, and the ceremony was performed.

The mother and myself looked at all the pretty baby clothes in the baby's special drawer, and I was shown a box of pretty things that grandma Hancock had sent, and a basket that great grandma Russell had made for her. It was to bear the name of Mr. Hancock's mother and dear sister. I left it well equipped for its journey of life. I left the young people loving, happy and proud. I have never seen them since.

I hear that he has become a prosperous cotton planter, a favorite with his neighbors, in good repute with the world, making money and keeping up his charity missions. He would be the same frank fellow, whether son of blacksmith, General or President. Everything is happy in his life. But then, as his wife once said, "some people are born to luck."—[Uncle Sam Commercial.]

After considering the question all winter the average editor comes to the conclusion every spring that the circus is immoral; then the bill poster comes along with big pictures, and his mind changes as follows. As he goes at the lions, tigers and monkeys, and thinks that nature made all of them, he is not sure. And when he looks at the beautiful young lady, with nothing but a blue ribbon around her waist, with one leg pointing to six o'clock and the other to high noon, and thinks that nature made her, too, just as she was, except the ribbon, he begins to lean up to the circus. But when the brass band begins to play and the elephants go round, he rushes for a front seat to get in ahead of the ministers, who always wear stove pipe hats and won't sit down in front.

Sun stroke is caused by excessive heat; but loss of sleep, worry, and general debility will predispose one to it. These obliged to work in the hot sun should wear a light straw hat with a wet cloth within; a cabbage leaf is often used for the same purpose. If a feeling of dizziness comes on, seek a cool and shady place at once, and apply cold water to the head. Amnesia should be induced if faintness is felt, but very cautiously.

A Striking Resemblance.

We were once told a story of two Shakers down East who so nearly resembled one another in certain characteristics. Here is another somewhat like unto it—a story of two brothers, who were lawyers, and practicing in the same town—which is certainly worth telling.

A gentleman requiring legal assistance had been recommended to one of the two brothers, but had forgotten the Christian name of him he sought, so he called at the office of the first brother and asked him for Mr. Polger.

"That is my name sir."

"But there are two of you of that name here in town?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish to consult the Mr. Polger—excuse me for the allusion—who wears a wig."

"We both wear wigs, sir."

"Well, the man I seek was divorced from his wife not long ago."

"There you hit us both again, sir."

"The man to whom I was recommended has recently been accused of forgery, though I trust, unjustly."

"There we are again, my dear sir. We have both had that gentle insinuation laid at our doors."

"Well, upon my word, you two brothers bear a striking resemblance. But I guess I have it now. The one I am after is in the habit of occasionally drinking to excess—sometimes to intoxication."

"My dear man, that little vice is unfortunately, characteristic of the pair of us. I should if my best friend could tell you which was the worst."

"Well, you are a matched pair, certainly. But tell me," continued the visitor, "which of the two is it was that took the poor debtor's oath a few months ago?"

"Ha, ha, we were both in that mud die. I was on Bob's paper and he was on mine."

"In mercy's name!" cried the applicant desperately, "will you tell me which of the two is the most sensible man?"

"Ha, there you touch bottom, my friend. Poor Bob, I can't stretch the truth, even to serve a brother. If you want the more sensible one of the two I suppose I must acknowledge the corn. I'm the man."

The Portland Advertiser tells the following story: There was an eminent sergeant at law some years ago, who had a cork leg that was a triumph of artistic deception. None but his intimates knew for certain which was the real and which was the sham limb. A wild young wag of the "cotton bar," who knew the sergeant pretty well once thought to utilize the knowledge of the sergeant's secret to take in a green, newly-fledged young barrister. The sergeant was addressing a special jury at Westminster in his usual earnest and vehement style, and the wag whispered to his neighbor, "You see how hot old Buzzoff is over his case, now, I'll bet you a sovereign I'll run this pin into his leg, up to the head, and he'll never notice it, he's so absorbed in his case. He's a most extraordinary man in that way."

This was more than the greenhorn could swallow, so he took the bait. The wag took a large pin from his waistcoat, and leaning forward drove it up to the head into the sergeant's leg. A yell that froze the blood of all who heard it, that made the hair of the jury stand on end and caused the judge's wig to almost fall off, ran through the Court. "By Jove! it's the wrong leg, and I've lost my money," exclaimed the dismayed and consciousness-stricken wag, quite regardless of the pain he had inflicted upon the learned sergeant.

A little washing soda was wanted for washing purposes; so George was given a line and dispatched to the apothecary's at the corner to get it. George soon returned; but no soda. "Why didn't you get the soda, George?" chorused the family. "I did." "Where is it, then?" "I drank it." "Drank it?" "Yes; the man said it wouldn't keep to bring home." A light dawned on the family's mind. It asks eagerly: "What did you ask for?" "Soda." "Didn't you say washing soda?" "Famously soda?" "No; only soda." Famously laughs as though it were crazy. George doesn't know what all the fun is about; but he was subsequently found to say: "That was a loss drink."

Fastest Time on Record.—Train No. 4 of the Pennsylvania Railroad recently made the fastest run on record from Philadelphia to Jersey City. The train consisted of locomotive No. 721 and two cars. Edward Osborne was the engineer, and Lewis Lalanc was the conductor. The train left Philadelphia at 12:51, and Jersey City was reached at 2:21 P. M., the trip of ninety miles having been accomplished in precisely thirty-three minutes. Four stops were made, and twice the train was slowed up to cross bridges.

[N. Y. Sun.]

An excellent paste for scrap books can be made as follows: In a pint of water dissolve a teaspoonful and a half of powdered alum, add flour enough to render it the consistency of common paste, bring it to a boil, stirring all the while, and when done add a few drops of the oil of cloves. The alum prevents fermentation, and the oil of cloves destroys all vegetable mold.

The Dark Side of Things.

Some people will persist in taking a gloomy view of everything. There is a man of that kind living in Ward No. 13. A neighbor happened to drop in to see him the other day and found everybody lively except the head of the family.

"How are you all coming on?"

"We are tolerable except Bob. He is laughing and joking because he is going fishing. I just know he is going to come home drowned, and howling with a fish-hook sticking in him somewhere."

"Well, the rest seem to be cheerful."

"Yes, sister. Demina is jumping and skipping about because she is going to a candy pulling. But I know something will happen to her. I read of a girl in Philadelphia only last year who was coming home from a candy-pulling, when a drunken man threw his wife out of a third-story window and killed her."

"Killed who?"

"Demina."

"Why, no; she is a."

"Well, it might have been her if she had been on the pavement below where the woman fell."

"Well, you are looking healthy."

"Yes; I feel just like the man who dropped dead in New York last week from heart disease. He was in high spirits and had a good appetite, and then he just mysteriously—[Gales-ton News.]

Electricity Proposed for the Traction.

The latest suggestion for the use of electricity as a motive power is to have the streets of cities paved with iron, either in blocks or as an arrangement that the pavement will form continuous electrical conductors, each section to be charged with electricity by a stationary steam engine and dynamo machine of proper size. On the electrical pavements thus provided, wagons, carriages, fire engines, omnibuses and other vehicles, each provided with an electrical driving wheel, and taking electricity through the wheel from the pavement, may be run, in any desired direction, with more ease and certainty than by the present system of horse locomotion, although that system would not necessarily be interfered with, as those who preferred to use horses could of course do so. Iron pavements could doubtless be made that would be quite as serviceable as the present stone blocks. The subject presents a fine opportunity for students of electricity to exercise their head gear.

Notes for the Farm.

If you are troubled about the grain chest with mice, watch for their holes and scatter a little copperas in them. A few grains will drive them away.

If your horse is troubled with scratches, mix up a little saltpeter and lard and put upon the sore part; renew daily until cured. Keep clean by using castile soap.

No Chinese farmer ever sows a seed of grain before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and experience has taught him that this operation not only tends to promote the growth and development, but also to protect the seed from the insects hidden in the ground.

The Galveston News gives this as an illustration of the Texas idea of real heroism:

Quite a number of darkies, young and old, were fishing down on Kuhn's wharf, when a boy about twelve fell off, and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of old Uncle Mose. After the boy was safely landed a bystander took occasion to praise old Mose for the heroism he had displayed.

"Is the boy your son?" asked the sympathetic spectator.

"No, boss, but he must jess be well a peck. He had all de bait in his pocket."

A drag, driven by an elegantly attired lady, with a trim and neatly dressed colored boy perched on the footman's seat behind, was passing through the street, when it was stopped by an old negro woman. "Hess de Lord!" she exclaimed, raising her hands as she spoke. "Hess de Lord! I never 'spected to see dat. Wonder what dat young cullud gentman pays dat young white 'oman for driving dat kerridge? I kumwd come, but never 'spected to hit to see it. Dis nigger's ready to go 'way now."—[Pittsburgh Courier.]

The writer of these few lines resigns his office as editor of this paper after this issue, to the delight of all subscribers and the satisfaction of himself. We are firmly convinced that our intellect never intended us as an editor of an eight column paper in a four-column town. We'd rather take a contract to write toothpicks for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with a broken blade jack-knife out of six tin steel, than run a newspaper in a mining town during the dull season. —[Duray (Cal.) Solid Malbon.]

A school teacher who had just been telling the story of David, could with, "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub, its blue eyes opening wide with wonder, said, after a moment's thought, "Oh dear, marion, what a memory you have got!"

MARKETS.

STANFORD, KY.

Wheat, No. 1, 1.10; No. 2, 1.05; No. 3, 1.00; No. 4, 0.95; No. 5, 0.90; No. 6, 0.85; No. 7, 0.80; No. 8, 0.75; No. 9, 0.70; No. 10, 0.65; No. 11, 0.60; No. 12, 0.55; No. 13, 0.50; No. 14, 0.45; No. 15, 0.40; No. 16, 0.35; No. 17, 0.30; No. 18, 0.25; No. 19, 0.20; No. 20, 0.15; No. 21, 0.10; No. 22, 0.05; No. 23, 0.00; No. 24, 0.00; No. 25, 0.00; No. 26, 0.00; No. 27, 0.00; No. 28, 0.00; No. 29, 0.00; No. 30, 0.00; No. 31, 0.00; No. 32, 0.00; No. 33, 0.00; No. 34, 0.00; No. 35, 0.00; No. 36, 0.00; No. 37, 0.00; No. 38, 0.00; No. 39, 0.00; No. 40, 0.00; No. 41, 0.00; No. 42, 0.00; No. 43, 0.00; No. 44, 0.00; No. 45, 0.00; No. 46, 0.00; No. 47, 0.00; No. 48, 0.00; No. 49, 0.00; No. 50, 0.00; No. 51, 0.00; No. 52, 0.00; No. 53, 0.00; No. 54, 0.00; No. 55, 0.00; No. 56, 0.00; No. 57, 0.00; No. 58, 0.00; No. 59, 0.00; No. 60, 0.00; No. 61, 0.00; No. 62, 0.00; No. 63, 0.00; No. 64, 0.00; No. 65, 0.00; No. 66, 0.00; No. 67, 0.00; No. 68, 0.00; No. 69, 0.00; No. 70, 0.00; No. 71, 0.00; No. 72, 0.00; No. 73, 0.00; No. 74, 0.00; No. 75, 0.00; No. 76, 0.00; No. 77, 0.00; No. 78, 0.00; No. 79, 0.00; No. 80, 0.00; No. 81, 0.00; No. 82, 0.00; No. 83, 0.00; No. 84, 0.00; No. 85, 0.00; No. 86, 0.00; No. 87, 0.00; No. 88, 0.00; No. 89, 0.00; No. 90, 0.00; No. 91, 0.00; No. 92, 0.00; No. 93, 0.00; No. 94, 0.00; No. 95, 0.00; No. 96, 0.00; No. 97, 0.00; No. 98, 0.00; No. 99, 0.00; No. 100, 0.00; No. 101, 0.00; No. 102, 0.00; No. 103, 0.00; No. 104, 0.00; No. 105, 0.00; No. 106, 0.00; No. 107, 0.00; No. 108, 0.00; No. 109, 0.00; No. 110, 0.00; No. 111, 0.00; No. 112, 0.00; No. 113, 0.00; No. 114, 0.00; No. 115, 0.00; No. 116, 0.00; No. 117, 0.00; No. 118, 0.00; No. 119, 0.00; No. 120, 0.00; No. 121, 0.00; No. 122, 0.00; No. 123, 0.00; No. 124, 0.00; No. 125, 0.00; No. 126, 0.00; No. 127, 0.00; No. 128, 0.00; No. 129, 0.00; No. 130, 0.00; No. 131, 0.00; No. 132, 0.00; No. 133, 0.00; No. 134, 0.00; No. 135, 0.00; No. 136, 0.00; No. 137, 0.00; No. 138, 0.00; No. 139, 0.00; No. 140, 0.00; No. 141, 0.00; No. 142, 0.00; No. 143, 0.00; No. 144, 0.00; No. 145, 0.00; No. 146, 0.00; No. 147, 0.00; No. 148, 0.00; No. 149, 0.00; No. 150, 0.00; No. 151, 0.00; No. 152, 0.00; No. 153, 0.00; No. 154, 0.00; No. 155, 0.00; No. 156, 0.00; No. 157, 0.00; No. 158, 0.00; No. 159, 0.00; No. 160, 0.00; No. 161, 0.00; No. 162, 0.00; No. 163, 0.00; No. 164, 0.00; No. 165, 0.00; No. 166, 0.00; No. 167, 0.00; No. 168, 0.00; No. 169, 0.00; No. 170, 0.00; No. 171, 0.00; No. 172, 0.00; No. 173, 0.00; No. 174, 0.00; No. 175, 0.00; No. 176, 0.00; No. 177, 0.00; No. 178, 0.00; No. 179, 0.00; No. 180, 0.00; No. 181, 0.00; No. 182, 0.00; No. 183, 0.00; No. 184, 0.00; No. 185, 0.00; No. 186, 0.00; No. 187, 0.00; No. 188, 0.00; No. 189, 0.00; No. 190, 0.00; No. 191, 0.00; No. 192, 0.00; No. 193, 0.00; No. 194, 0.00; No. 195, 0.00; No. 196, 0.00; No. 197, 0.00; No. 198, 0.00; No. 199, 0.00; No. 200, 0.00; No. 201, 0.00; No. 202, 0.00; No. 203, 0.00; No. 204, 0.00; No. 205, 0.00; No. 206, 0.00; No. 207, 0.00; No. 208, 0.00; No. 209, 0.00; No. 210, 0.00; No. 211, 0.00; No. 212, 0.00; No. 213, 0.00; No. 214, 0.00; No. 215, 0.00; No. 216, 0.00; No. 217, 0.00; No. 218, 0.00; No. 219, 0.00; No. 220, 0.00; No. 221, 0.00; No. 222, 0.00; No. 223, 0.00; No. 224, 0.00; No. 225, 0.00; No. 226, 0.00; No. 227, 0.00; No. 228, 0.00; No. 229, 0.00; No. 230, 0.00; No. 231, 0.00; No. 232, 0.00; No. 233, 0.00; No. 234, 0.00; No. 235, 0.00; No. 236, 0.00; No. 237, 0.00; No. 238, 0.00; No. 239, 0.00; No. 240, 0.00; No. 241, 0.00; No. 242, 0.00; No. 243, 0.00; No. 244, 0.00; No. 245, 0.00; No. 246, 0.00; No. 247, 0.00; No. 248, 0.00; No. 249, 0.00; No. 250, 0.00; No. 251, 0.00; No. 252, 0.00; No. 253, 0.00; No. 254, 0.00; No. 255, 0.00; No. 256, 0.00; No. 257, 0.00; No. 258, 0.00; No. 259, 0.00; No. 260, 0.00; No. 261, 0.00; No. 262, 0.00; No. 263, 0.00; No. 264, 0.00; No. 265, 0.00; No. 266, 0.00; No. 267, 0.00; No. 268, 0.00; No. 269, 0.00; No. 270, 0.00; No. 271, 0.00; No. 272, 0.00; No. 273, 0.00; No. 274, 0.00; No. 275, 0.00; No. 276, 0.00; No. 277, 0.00; No. 278, 0.00; No. 279, 0.00; No. 280, 0.00; No. 281, 0.00; No. 282, 0.00; No. 283, 0.00; No. 284, 0.00; No. 285, 0.00; No. 286, 0.00; No. 287, 0.00; No. 288, 0.00; No. 289, 0.00; No. 290, 0.00; No. 291, 0.00; No. 292, 0.00; No. 293, 0.00; No. 294, 0.00; No. 295, 0.00; No. 296, 0.00; No. 297, 0.00; No. 298, 0.00; No. 299, 0.00; No. 300, 0.00; No. 301, 0.00; No. 302, 0.00; No. 303, 0.00; No. 304, 0.00; No. 305, 0.00; No. 306, 0.00; No. 307, 0.00; No. 308, 0.00; No. 309, 0.00; No. 310, 0.00; No. 311, 0.00; No. 312, 0.00; No. 313, 0.00; No. 314, 0.00; No. 315, 0.00; No. 316, 0.00; No. 317, 0.00; No. 318, 0.00; No. 319, 0.00; No. 320, 0.00; No. 321, 0.00; No. 322, 0.00; No. 323, 0.00; No. 324, 0.00; No. 325, 0.00; No. 326, 0.00; No. 327, 0.00; No. 328, 0.00; No. 329, 0.00; No. 330, 0.00; No. 331, 0.00; No. 332, 0.00; No. 333, 0.00; No. 334, 0.00; No. 335, 0.00; No. 336, 0.00; No. 337, 0.00; No. 338, 0.00; No. 339, 0.00; No. 340, 0.00; No. 341, 0.00; No. 342, 0.00; No. 343, 0.00; No. 344, 0.00; No. 345, 0.00; No. 346, 0.00; No. 347, 0.00; No. 348, 0.00; No. 349, 0.00; No. 350, 0.00; No. 351, 0.00; No. 352, 0.00; No. 353, 0.00; No. 354, 0.00; No. 355, 0.00; No. 356, 0.00; No. 357, 0.00; No. 358, 0.00; No. 359, 0.00; No. 360, 0.00; No. 361, 0.00; No. 362, 0.00; No. 363, 0.00; No. 364, 0.00; No. 365, 0.00; No. 366, 0.00; No. 367, 0.00; No. 368, 0.00; No. 369, 0.00; No. 370, 0.00; No. 371, 0.00; No. 372, 0.00; No. 373, 0.00; No. 374, 0.00; No. 375, 0.00; No. 376, 0.00; No. 377, 0.00; No. 378, 0.00; No. 379, 0.00; No. 380, 0.00; No. 381, 0.00; No. 382, 0.00; No. 383, 0.00; No. 384, 0.00; No. 385, 0.00; No. 386, 0.00; No. 387, 0.00; No. 388, 0.00; No. 389, 0.00; No. 390, 0.00; No. 391, 0.00; No. 392, 0.00; No. 393, 0.00; No. 394, 0.00; No. 395, 0.00; No. 396, 0.00; No. 397, 0.00; No. 398, 0.00; No. 399, 0.00; No. 400, 0.00; No. 401, 0.00; No. 402, 0.00; No. 403, 0.00; No. 404, 0.00; No. 405, 0.00; No. 406, 0.00; No. 407, 0.00; No. 408, 0.00; No. 409, 0.00; No. 410, 0.00; No. 411, 0.00; No. 412, 0.00; No. 413, 0.00; No. 414, 0.00; No. 415, 0.00; No. 416, 0.00; No. 417, 0.00; No. 418, 0.00; No. 419, 0.00; No. 420, 0.00; No. 421, 0.00; No. 422, 0.00; No. 423, 0.00; No. 424, 0.00; No. 425, 0.00; No. 426, 0.00; No. 427, 0.00; No. 428, 0.00; No. 429, 0.00; No. 430, 0.00; No. 431, 0.00; No. 432, 0.00; No. 433, 0.00; No. 434, 0.00; No. 435, 0.00; No. 436, 0.00; No. 437, 0.00; No. 438, 0.00; No. 439, 0.00; No. 440, 0.